
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1812.

MISS E. BOLTON.

MISS ELIZA BOLTON is the younger sister of the young lady who ornaments the boards of Covent Garden Theatre with her professional acquirements, both as actress and vocal performer.

The subject of this short sketch imbibing, we presume, a fondness for music from her sister, first took lessons of singing from Mr. H. R. Bishop, the present composer to Covent Garden Theatre, with whom she remained three years. It was during this period that Mr. Arnold, the manager of the Lyceum, heard a specimen of her abilities, with which he was so pleased as to immediately make her an offer of an engagement in the series of English operas he had then established; it was here then that she made her first *entrée* in the musical world, in 1808, at the age of sixteen, as Mrs. Maudlin, in the burletta of Poor Vulcan. In the winter following she was engaged for the Oxford concerts, where she acquitted herself with no small degree of satisfaction to the delight of a crowded audience. She then placed herself under the tuition of Mr. Bellamy,

with whom she remained twelve months; but Mr. B. leaving his professional avocations at Covent Garden, and finding that further instructions would still be serviceable to her, she placed herself with Mr. Thomas Walsh, who still continues to aid her with his musical knowledge.

She is now engaged at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with her sister, where she performs all the parts allotted her in a manner highly creditable to her talents, and to the satisfaction of that public who, for four years, have patronized her, and whose future approbation, we have heard her declare, it will always be her study to preserve.

C.

EXPEDITIOUS TRAVELLING

IN 1674.

As a proof how early this city was in possession of the public convenience of a stage coach, the following occurrence is quoted :—" George Fox, one of the people called quakers, who had been imprisoned in Worcester Castle for refusing to take an oath, was removed from thence to London, by a writ of Habeas Corpus, in the Worcester coach. He sat out on the 4th day of (the 12th month) December, 1674; and arrived there on the 8th, in company with the Under Sheriff, &c.; of course it could not be till some years afterwards that they assumed the names of *Flys*, *Greyhounds*, or *Balloons*.

APATHY.

So careless, says Colonel THORNTON, were the postillions in France, during his last sojourn there, that on reproving one of them for running over an old horse, the fellow pretended to be very sorry; but, by way of excusing himself, he begged pardon of the Colonel, and said he "*thought it was only a man!*"

THESIS

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BEFORE we commence the essay proposed in the theme, the utility of obviating difficulties which would otherwise spring from mutual misunderstanding, suggests the propriety of previously fixing the import of the term education, as it will be employed in this treatise.

Whenever it occurs, therefore, it will be used in that extensive and liberal signification which the word properly implies, and not in that confined sense to which it is restricted in popular acceptance. In common speech it uniformly associates with it the idea of books and schools, and they are generally said to have received the best education who have expended the most of their parents' money and their own time, at some public or private establishment, however guiltless of useful knowledge they may eventually be. The true meaning of education, however, is that care which is bestowed on the human mind, and is directed to fertilize the intellect, by a well managed course of due cultivation.

The most unlettered sailor who is skilled in practical navigation, and can conduct his vessel in safety across the trackless deep to its place of destination, is a man of education. Not so the rustic, who, having neglected his proper pursuits, understands not, for want of observation, the nature of the soil which he should till; who, incapable of tracing a strait furrow, can form clumsy letters; and while he ruins the farm which he knows not how to manage, can read, perhaps, a Robinson Crusoe, which he cannot comprehend.

To be well informed on a subject on which we cannot read a syllable, is a far better sort of education than to be able to peruse what we can by no means understand.

Let education, then, be understood to mean *beneficial culture*, wherever or however acquired, and in that sense it cannot be denied to be the brightest ornament and most valuable endowment which can adorn and enrich the female mind. What praise can be excessive which is bestowed on that which brightens intellect, adorns beauty, and displays virtue? Who would neglect to trim that lamp, by whose light a beauty might be elicited, or a treasure disclosed, which might otherwise still be involved in obscurity? The glimmering lamp is latent intellect, which the culture of the mind alone can illumine; the beauty is the countenance of the fair, which the rays of intelligence should animate by its beams; and the treasure is that virtue of the soul, which should emanate from the lips in the refined accents of cultivated sentiment. Why should so bright a gem lie dormant in the heart, barren of the grateful consciousness of innate worth, and concealing that testimony of qualities which might agreeably justify our voluntary admiration? How especially, therefore, does it behove the fair to appreciate justly the value of education, without which the lustre of personal beauty is dimmed, and the loveliness of virtue veiled from the sight by the malignant clouds of an opaque ignorance.

In one most interesting regard, it is a national concern, that the country should watch over female education with the anxious eye of maternal care. When it is considered of what vital importance their instruction is to the well-being of the state, no diligence can be deemed lost which is devoted to that end. It is indeed most critically necessary, that they should be rendered worthy of that high care, with which nature has invested them, of forming the character of men. With no less a charge are they entrusted, arising from that influence over us, by which they controul or animate our conduct, as our various dis-

positions need restraint or excitement. In the society of the fair sex, we are formed as is a figure in a mould; their plastic approbation or censure makes us what we are; and as their inclinations and opinion direct our motives, and stimulate our actions, are we nationally slaves or cowards, or freemen and heroes.

When, from the consequences of female education, virtue or valour be the passport to woman's favour, men are emulously virtuous and brave; but if the fair, weakened by a debasing luxury, prostitute the smiles of approbation on effeminate cowardice or courtly vice, the spirit of virtue is soon relaxed, and the force of valour sinks unnerved.

Bright was the promise of Rome's future aggrandizement, when, in her earliest infancy, the patriotic sex sacrificed their ornaments, artificial and natural, to the service of the war! When they surrendered their bracelets to the success of the common cause, and strung the bows of the archers with the locks of their hair, what must have been the enthusiasm of that fight, where the shafts of death were impelled by the tresses of inspiring beauty? No wonder the Roman name attained the celebrity it subsequently enjoyed, when it had commenced its career of glory under the auspices of such women!

The influence and example of Zenobia long sustained even Eastern Palmyra against the force of the Roman arms, though in the plenitude of glory and success, and under the conduct of Aurelian, one of the most excellent soldiers who ever directed the progress of the Eagle.

This country has beheld its fame soar to an unusual height, under the government of a Queen; and a Princess of the reigning family affords us every hope that Elizabeth will find a rival in her glory, when next a female shall succeed to the throne of these kingdoms.

In all the domestic privacies of life, the advantages of education are manifold and manifest.

Yet notwithstanding the importance of bringing up our

To be well informed on a subject on which we cannot read a syllable, is a far better sort of education than to be able to peruse what we can by no means understand.

Let education, then, be understood to mean *beneficial culture*, wherever or however acquired, and in that sense it cannot be denied to be the brightest ornament and most valuable endowment which can adorn and enrich the female mind. What praise can be excessive which is bestowed on that which brightens intellect, adorns beauty, and displays virtue? Who would neglect to trim that lamp, by whose light a beauty might be elicited, or a treasure disclosed, which might otherwise still be involved in obscurity? The glimmering lamp is latent intellect, which the culture of the mind alone can illumine; the beauty is the countenance of the fair, which the rays of intelligence should animate by its beams; and the treasure is that virtue of the soul, which should emanate from the lips in the refined accents of cultivated sentiment. Why should so bright a gem lie dormant in the heart, barren of the grateful consciousness of innate worth, and concealing that testimony of qualities which might agreeably justify our voluntary admiration? How especially, therefore, does it behove the fair to appreciate justly the value of education, without which the lustre of personal beauty is dimmed, and the loveliness of virtue veiled from the sight by the malignant clouds of an opaque ignorance.

In one most interesting regard, it is a national concern, that the country should watch over female education with the anxious eye of maternal care. When it is considered of what vital importance their instruction is to the well-being of the state, no diligence can be deemed lost which is devoted to that end. It is indeed most critically necessary, that they should be rendered worthy of that high care, with which nature has invested them, of forming the character of men. With no less a charge are they entrusted, arising from that influence over us, by which they controul or animate our conduct, as our various dis-

positions need restraint or excitement. In the society of the fair sex, we are formed as is a figure in a mould; their plastic approbation or censure makes us what we are; and as their inclinations and opinion direct our motives, and stimulate our actions, are we nationally slaves or cowards, or freemen and heroes.

When, from the consequences of female education, virtue or valour be the passport to woman's favour, men are emulously virtuous and brave; but if the fair, weakened by a debasing luxury, prostitute the smiles of approbation on effeminate cowardice or courtly vice, the spirit of virtue is soon relaxed, and the force of valour sinks unnerved.

Bright was the promise of Rome's future aggrandizement, when, in her earliest infancy, the patriotic sex sacrificed their ornaments, artificial and natural, to the service of the war! When they surrendered their bracelets to the success of the common cause, and strung the bows of the archers with the locks of their hair, what must have been the enthusiasm of that fight, where the shafts of death were impelled by the tresses of inspiring beauty? No wonder the Roman name attained the celebrity it subsequently enjoyed, when it had commenced its career of glory under the auspices of such women!

The influence and example of Zenobia long sustained even Eastern Palmyra against the force of the Roman arms, though in the plenitude of glory and success, and under the conduct of Aurelian, one of the most excellent soldiers who ever directed the progress of the Eagle.

This country has beheld its fame soar to an unusual height, under the government of a Queen; and a Princess of the reigning family affords us every hope that Elizabeth will find a rival in her glory, when next a female shall succeed to the throne of these kingdoms.

In all the domestic privacies of life, the advantages of education are manifold and manifest.

Yet notwithstanding the importance of bringing up our

female offspring with peculiar anxiety, on whom national virtue and domestic happiness so materially depend, very frequently do we find, that women who are destined to be one day mistresses of British houses of distinction, are educated as if they were designed for no better lot than to be slaves in a Turkish harem ; as if to breathe some soft Italian air, with all the languor of a Circassian, or express the more dangerous movements of that refinement on *oru cotillion*, the luxurious waltze, were the summit of female attainment, and the utmost excellence to which women should aspire. Such is the *ne-plus-ultra* of acquirement in a modern English seminary !

It is probable, that the frivolous pursuits which compose what is called the education of the greater part of the female sex, and their utter exclusion from all that is important, serious, or arduous, in study, which we therefore style masculine, as being abhorrent from their nature,—may have generated that indecisive bias of their inclinations on which the invidious calumny of the satirist was founded, who insists that

“ Most women have no characters at all.”

And, in truth, the usual listless or trilling tenor of their earlier life is such as may altogether preclude those characteristic principles, which so distinguish conduct as to stamp it with the impression of character. Into what absurdities must not they be momentarily betrayed whose sole guide is a vacillating affectation ?

Nor is this infantine system of education in the schools at all counteracted by that which they receive from their intercourse in society ; nor are their minds, so enfeebled, at all invigorated by the better effects of converse, observation, or experience, in general life ; for it is a custom too prevalent to exclude young ladies wholly from the instructive conversation of men of erudition and science, and transfer them to those who are even more feminine in character than themselves ; as if they were in danger of

seduction from rational minds alone, and only safe in the society of these eunuchs of understanding. Nothing can be so shocking and ill-mannered, as to introduce in circles embellished by the presence of the fair, any of the topics which arise out of those pursuits and studies more strictly confined to the education of men.

Now this custom, which is much more gallant in the breach than in the observance, (for it must imply, as it ever does, an insult to female understanding, and a charge of incapacity) is the more inexcusable—because, if it be thought too severe a task for women to endure, that they should study abstruse books on abstract science, that is assuredly a most forcible reason why such conversations should be even industriously encouraged. If such topics were generally entertained in polite conversation, it would be a most agreeable channel of instruction, divested of the solitary labour of the student's course, and clothed in the fascination of social intercourse; blending the solid advantages of laborious instruction with all the pleasures of alleviating conversation.

It is generally acknowledged, that our sex derive every advantage from the association with females. It softens the asperities of rugged tempers; banishes noise and turbulence from general discourse; polishes the phrase of the secluded scholar; wins from the harsher nature and habits of men those blemishes which displease or offend; and affords most effectual relief to the toils of business or study. And can we really not in turn contribute to the advantage of those who so liberally benefit us? Assuredly we might; for if the union of discordant natures can harmonize either, it must be reciprocal. In proportion as our commerce with accomplished females attempers our nature, so should our society enrich the amenity of theirs, by communicating to them some portion of that literary wealth which our labours may have earned. Thus might amusing discourse supply their defects in historical science to those who are not conversant in the languages of Greece or

Rome. If music refresh the mind of the mathematical student, he might in his turn improve the reason of the fair musician when the charms of melody are sunk in satiety. If we must condemn women to unmerited exile from the retreats of the superior sciences, let us not, at least, conceal from their eyes the treasures which we have drawn thence ourselves ; or refuse to impart to them at least as much as they may be capable or desirous of receiving.

Surely it can be by no means necessary that the education of women should be confined merely to the locality of boarding schools, or the season of infancy. For purposes of that general education which is necessary to good conduct, and, consequently, to happiness and esteem, the world itself is a school, where every incident of life, however minute, is a lesson, and every individual of society a tutor and instructor. And it is the duty of those who are the natural guardians of female youth, to be anxiously circumspect, that, in a school so extensive, and replete with surrounding dangers, they may be duly appointed to their proper class,—that the lessons should be select, and the tutors in all respects worthy to instil them ; in other words, that they should see that they move in their proper sphere,—that they shun all such situations as might render them obvious to incidents which may pervert their minds and morals,—and that they make choice alone of companions and associates of probity and honour.

These cares would redound more to the welfare of the female sex, than all the tuition of the seminaries ; and they who were so educated (for this is really education) would alone be brought up to perform with approbation their duties to society.

But it is the misfortune of youth, particularly of females, that nothing is considered as contributing to the object and end of education, but what is wholly scholastic ; whereas, in fact, in that confined sense, the school often affords them little more than the mere rudiments of proper education. It were well, indeed, if some of them went

even so far, and better, perhaps, if they proceeded no farther.

With respect to mere scholastic education, much has already been written and repeated on what courses should be adopted, to afford the best chance of obtaining its end. It may, therefore, for our present purpose, suffice to notice what appears a radical defect in the principle of boarding schools, and one which pervades them almost universally.

This is the general promotion of that frivolity of pursuit which has been already condemned, and the exclusion of those more laborious exercises of the mind which tend to improve the understanding.

Young women are taught, perhaps, to read ill and write worse; they are subsequently merely initiated in a few meretricious accomplishments, which supersede more worthy studies; they acquire just so much of French and Italian as is of no sort of advantage to them, and that at the expence, most usually, of grammar and orthography in their own; for the French is confessedly a language wherein false concords of gender, number, and person, are idiomatic; and behold a complete course of education! yet such is the stamina of the mind in British females, that their better natures even subdue this ruinous waste of time; and its evil tendency is averted by the future, and, as it were, spontaneous maturity of original, native, and unvanquished excellence.

It is recommended, therefore, that female education be far more severe and laborious. The mind, like the body, is best nourished by exercise; but it must be an exercise capable of producing fatigue, not the exercise of the cradle, but of the limbs. Fatigue is absolutely necessary to banish that enervating lassitude, which is equally inimical to the nurture of the frame, and the culture of the understanding; inasmuch as some degree of toil is alike necessary to animal and intellectual digestion.

If a course of mathematics, or the study of the dead languages, were recommended, it might perhaps excite a

widely-extended expression of astonishment ; that argues in its favour, for astonishment is the habitude of weak minds ; but there are weighty reasons for such a recommendation. It would even be of little consequence whether the students ever became either mathematicians or classical scholars ; such pursuits would at least have the advantage of enriching their intellect, and affording the most useful assistance in their improvement of their native tongue.

The endeavour to climb the steep of the higher sciences, however little proficiency they might make, would at least improve their reasoning powers ; and habits of rightly exercising their judgment and understanding would be formed by the attempt.

If the Greek and Latin languages were never attained, the pursuit would at least facilitate the acquirement of their own in classical purity, and fix that acquisition more permanently in their minds.

SHAKESPEARE has advised, "The mathematics and the metaphysics' use to quicken you ;" and whoever can despise his advice may be deservedly classed among those whom he has decreed

" To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

The main advantage arising from a severer course of female education would be,—that learning would be no longer an exile from conversation, or ignorance be welcomed to the society of the fair ; men of letters would no longer be constrained to put off their literary recommendations on entering the drawing room, and leave them with their hats and gloves in the vestibule ; or be under the necessity of aping what so ill becomes them, the manners and language of triflers and coxcombs, and of emulating them in that insignificance by which they are admitted to favour. The genial influence of the presence of the fair sex, that sunshine of society, would give life to a nobler train of admirers than the insect race which now

flutter round their persons, and wanton in their smiles.— And great indeed would be the advantage to themselves from an intercourse so much more worthy of them, which would tend more to their instruction than all the music and dancing-masters in the kingdom; their taste would be refined, and their judgment matured; and they might thus erect a useful superstructure of social education,—if founded on a basis of scholastic tuition and discipline capable of supporting it, which would redound to their own happiness and honour, to the embellishment of society, and the reputation of the country.

Maternal anxiety should never remit its care for an instant in the formation of the female mind, which is, from natural docility, susceptible of every impression. To the delicate and sensitive perception of female youth, every action of conduct, and every experience of observation, is a practical or theoretical lesson, and such a one as prudence should never omit to bend to advantage, as all tend to that rational education so essential to conduct and character.

If such an education is of more importance to one sex than the other, (and it appears to be so) it is of far greater value to women.

The duties of men have for object the interest and welfare of the state, and as these are fulfilled, they are sooner or later rewarded with riches or honours.

It is the part of women, in this country at least, to contribute to the convenience, the embellishment, and pleasure, of domestic and social life; and their remuneration consists in our esteem, our admiration, and our love. For the purposes of this duty, they are endowed by nature, not only with very superior beauty of person and temper of mind, but with an aptitude to acquire the utilities, accomplishments, and arts of education.

It is feared that it must not be denied, that beauty of person and the accomplishments of instruction, are more frequently relied on by the sex than temper of

disposition, or the acquirement of useful attainments; but if the former enable our fair associates to fulfil the objects of their destination with more facility, they are always more frail and fleeting than the latter, and sometimes even not so effectual.

And the recommendations of rational education are to be found in this—that it enables the sex to hold that empire over our hearts, when the attractions from which it sprung are faded away. Much as the observation may want the excitement of novelty, this little essay would be most imperfect, were it not repeated in this place—that when the charm of personal beauty, the fascination of vocal song, and the grace of measured dance, have lived their very short day, (for time, which soon ends life, must very much sooner, and as inevitably will destroy these, if even common accidents do not, as frequently, accelerate their ruin) then the well-formed mind, the amiable temper, and the bright intelligence of the cultivated female, lends an attraction to the more mature period of life most solacing to the heart.

Like splendid remains of architectural science, which lead away admiration from the gayer structures of fashionable taste, even age may so please as to render the vivacities of youth obtrusive, when intellectual knowledge invites us from unproductive vanity.

Education also will be found the safest city of refuge from most of the ills of existence; and all the advantages which it gives survive the object on whom they devolve.

In it we may meet with all that can give effect to the blessings of life; and by it we may at least learn,—that existence has still the most invaluable comforts in reserve, when life has lost its charms.

Z,

A farmer, in a provincial paper, advertises for sale—one of the *best bred Hogs* in the kingdom.

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

A few evenings since, in order to divert myself from chagrin, and to lose a depression of spirits which we Englishmen are so apt to indulge in, I hastened to the Green Park, in order that, in surveying the beauties of nature in that place, I might harmonize my feelings. The warm hue of the setting sun painted the verdure; the leaves, otherwise of the deepest green, were gilt by its setting rays; the Abbey appeared beautifully picturesque in the blue distance, and even the four steeples of St. John's, breaking through the trees on my right, did not materially injure the picture. The cascade only rippled the water in the bason—scarce a breeze moved its surface—a hundred forms paced its border. Here was the spruce banker's clerk, the wealthy tradesman, the half-pay officer, and the lady of quality, attended by her servant. The sound of laughter, the whisper of scandal, and the indulgence of frivolity, were pursued by several, unheeded by me. On the seat, Sir, where I then sat, I had enjoyed long since all the beauty of a delightful evening; but that vision has long fled, and left me to mourn its loss with sickened hope and inveterate disappointment.

The sun had now set; the happy and the more prudent had left the Park, for the dew was falling; and the shades of night began to appear. Still a few white forms flitted along the path; a few females were sitting on the different seats, conversing with men whom they had never seen before; yet all was silent, save the ever-and-anon clang of the iron gate, as the Park visitors made their exit. Fond as I am, Sir, of the beauties of nature, my heart now refused to admit the loveliness of her charms; for my ungrateful ideas, still pausing on what I might have been, instead of being thankful for what I am, jaundiced every object. I was rousing myself to activity, when two females joined

me on the seat where I sat; and knowing that the evils of life must be severe indeed, if woman cannot cure them, I began to try how I should apply the remedy. Although, Sir, I have been what is called long upon the town, I think I may with safety say, that I never insulted a female, let her be in whatever situation, in all my life; 'tis true I have conversed with many a strange one, but the least hint that my company was not wanted, or even silence in return for my colloquial notice, was ever sufficient to make me desist. But I am free to confess, that so much do I love the sex, that I never lost any opportunity of getting acquainted with it.

'Tis true, the ladies who now joined me talked rather loud, but they appeared perfectly respectable. I made several efforts to speak, but depressed as I was in spirits, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and refused its office. However, Sir, encouraged by their features, which betrayed no very terrible marks of "touch me not," I ventured a remark,—the usual one, I believe, that Englishmen open a conversation with, the weather. I got an answer, though a constrained one, but the ice was broken; I had gained my point; and before I had been with them ten minutes, I had accompanied them to the Lyceum, the Haymarket, Astley's, and Vauxhall. It is true, Sir, the first compliments I uttered were clumsy enough, but they were kind enough to encourage me, and I did wonders.—In less, Sir, than half an hour, how it was done I know not, but I found myself *a nettle* between *two roses*, parading the Park.

The moon had risen, the evening was delightful, conversation fluent, and you would not, Sir, have known me, late a misanthrope, scowling on the surface of the earth with jaundiced eyes. Sir, I trod on air. One *rose* regretted she was married, and the other *rose* seemed to regret she was not; she was a fine girl, and she must have been accomplished—for she had *read novels*, and *played music*. To give them both credit, their ideas and notions were

such as they had no cause to be ashamed of; and as they had selected me for a *chaperon*, could I suspect them of imprudence? Still would my ideas stray to another female, and I do assure you I was not well pleased to hear I might, if I chose, see them home. Should any gay deceiver see this, he will doubt me when he hears me say, adventures of this sort never gave me pleasure; at least it is long since they have ceased to do so; they were always troublesome, and might be vexatious, but my gallantry was at stake. "I could but be happy to escort them," and firmly wishing them in the middle of the red sea, accompanied them to the door of their house. "Thanks to Cupid," said I, "here's an end of this foolery." Sir, 'twas no such thing. The door of a genteel house opened, and the question was asked, "Is your master at home?"—"Yes, ma'am; he's gone to bed."—"Oh! come in, Mr. Smith; my sister will be ready directly." "My sister would then go home to Edgware Road, if the gentleman was going that way." As foolery would have it, the gentleman was going that way, and "my sister would only get her ridicule, and accompany him." Well, Sir, behold Mr. Smith, or your humble servant, (which you like best) left by himself, with a twinkling candle on a piano forte, over which was a portrait of the master of the house, a very gentlemanly personage, who, had he chosen to have come down, and asked "Mr. Smith" what he did there, why Mr. Smith felt as if he could not tell him; and he might be committed for a genteel swindler. In the room was a pug dog, and even this pug dog looked as much as to say, "What the devil do you want here?" At length Miss was ready; and I was not sorry to get out of a house where my conscience told me I had no right to be. My charge now began to talk seriously; she felt herself now very awkward in being in the company of a strange gentleman, who, consequently, must think her conduct very imprudent. The strange gentleman did think her conduct very imprudent, though he was too gallant to say so. She begged, as she

was near home, he would wish her good night, and not see where she went; I did so, and thus ended my adventure.

As I was rallied by my friends, who doubted the respectability of these ladies, and who, forsooth, made no allowances for my beauty and agreeable qualities, I was induced, on the following day, to make enquiries after them; taking more care, at the same time, of their reputations than they did themselves. Perhaps, Sir, you will doubt me when I inform you that they were people of established outward integrity and respectability; that they were sisters,—the one married some years, who thus undermined the principles of the younger sister, and thus exposed her to temptation. If she is weak enough to suppose that such conduct will settle her in life, I would tell her, through the medium of your publication, which by chance she may read, that a continuance of such conduct will only bring herself into disgrace, and her sister to infamy,—that her name and residence are yet a secret; but if she continue in such conduct, it will be published to her husband, by

THE MAN IN BROWN.

A PERSIAN CHARACTER.

It has been observed by an eminent poet, that "The proper study of mankind is man." Philosophers, voyagers, and travellers, furnish us with abundant information relative to the general habits, customs, and manners, of mankind; but they seldom select an individual from the multitude as a standard, and exhibit him in that point of view in which we can contemplate his character, and decide on his usefulness in society, with any degree of precision. I have been led into this reflection by the perusal of Mr. SCOTT WARING's account of the manner in which a man of rank, in Persia, spends a day.

"A man of rank in Persia," says the Major, "generally

risers before the sun; he says his prayers, and then enters his Deewan-khanu; his Kulecan is brought him; perhaps some fruit; and here it is that he expects his visitors and dependants. He is probably engaged with them till nine o'clock,—listening to the reports of the morning, settling disputes, and arranging domestic concerns.

“ It is now time for him to visit the prince or the governor; and if he is likely to be detained there beyond mid-day, preparations are making for conveying his chast (dinner). He pays his obeisance, and takes precaution to remain sufficiently long in the presence of the person he visits to attract his observation. His Kulecan always accompanies him; and when he thinks he can retire unnoticed, he regales himself with smoking.

“ At noon the governor probably retires, which is a signal for all those who are in attendance to depart. When he returns home, the chast is brought, and eaten with a good appetite. The mid-day prayers are to be said, after which he retires to sleep till three o'clock. He may again have to attend the Duri Khoona; if not, he pays visits; or if he is too high a personage, stays at home to receive them. He has to perform the Numazinsur, or afternoon prayers. The business of saying prayers appears to be a necessary and irksome task, and they get rid of it with the utmost expedition. In Persia it seems to be an established custom for every person to perform his five daily prayers; this is an observance which is but little attended to in India. The Numaz is a ready excuse for the absence or idleness of a servant.

“ When it becomes dark, the carpets are spread in the open air; and with either his friends or dependants, he prepares to pass the night. The Kulecan supplies the intervals of silence; and if he can afford it, a set of Georgian slaves exert themselves for his amusement. The evening prayer is now to be said; this does not interrupt the harmony of the evening, for as one performs it, another gets up to supply his place. About ten the

shoom (supper) is brought, and the hour of eleven usually closes the eventful day."

We could select many a character in high life from among our own countrymen, and trace his progress through one day, and we should observe (with the exception of devotional exercises) little variation between the routine of his amusements and that of a Persian Noble; nor should we, perhaps, be able to perceive that such a man holds a higher rank, with regard to his real usefulness in the community. H.

O L I O.

NO. VIII.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE good fortune and bravery of Francis de Montmorency, a general in the reign of Louis XIII. was such as to raise the envy of our William III. who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him a hump back. "What does he know of my back?" said the general; "he never saw it."

The family of a merchant in the city were alarmed about midnight by a fire; the master, in his haste, caught up a box, and bade his servant run with all speed with it to his banker's, as it contained something of great importance. In about the week after, the banker waited upon his friend, and in congratulating him on his escape, reminded him that he would return him the invaluable deal box left by his servant. The merchant had forgotten the circumstance. The deal box was, however, fetched, and opened with

anxiety ; when in it was deposited, not bank-notes or gold, but an *old wig* !

No one who has seen by chance the late gallant Nelson, the picture of ill health and fatigue, would have supposed him possessed of the vivacity of a Harlequin ; yet an artist informed me, that when he sat to him for his picture, he had a difficulty in keeping him still. Several times he started up to join the company ; in the course of a few minutes, and as quick returned to his seat ; at the same time he begged pardon, in the most gentlemanly way, of the artist, and gently reproved Lady Nelson for some remarks which he thought the painter might think irrelevant.

Brydone, in his account of Gabrielli, says that she was the first singer in the world, and those that sung at the same theatre with her must have been capital, otherwise they could never have been attended to. This, indeed, has been the fate of all the other performers, except Pacherotti, and he too gave himself up for lost on hearing her first performance. It happened to be an air of execution exactly adapted to her voice, which she exerted in so astonishing a manner, that before it was half done, poor Pacherotti burst out a crying, and ran in behind the scenes ; lamenting that he had dared to appear on the same stage with so wonderful a singer, where his small talents must not only be lost, but where he must be even accused of a presumption which he hoped was foreign to his character. It was with some difficulty they could prevail on him to appear again ; but from an applause well merited both by his talents and his modesty, he soon began to pluck up a little courage, and in the singing of a tender air, addressed to Gabrielli, in the character of a lover, even she herself, as well as the audience, is said to have been moved.

The celebrated Farinelli once appeared in the character of a young captive hero, and, in a tender air, was soliciting mercy for his mistress and himself of a stern and cruel tyrant, who had made them his prisoners. The person who acted the tyrant was so perfectly overcome by the melting strains of Farinelli, that instead of refusing his request, as the plot of the piece required, he entirely forgot his character, burst into tears, and caught him in his arms.

It is related of a clergyman, justly beloved for his amiable manners, that having to attend a criminal about to be launched into eternity, the fellow began to be violent, and resisted the efforts of the hangman to place the halter round his neck; when the reverend gentleman stepped up to the convict, and with mild persuasion said, "Now do; there's a good man; pray be hung."

MATILDA FORRESTER;

OR,

THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.

(*A Tale, alas! too true.*)

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

"So fair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 "We took but ane kiss, and we tore oursels away;
 "I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
 "O why was I born to say waes me?"

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

It has been urged against novel reading, that it corrupts the morals, palsies our exertions, and causes its votaries to squander away that time to no purpose which might be more profitably occupied; and that even if immoral characters, in this kind of writing, are supposed to be severely

punished, that virtue is not sufficiently rewarded, and that vice is always portrayed in such meretricious colours as to raise the passions; and the moral reflections, in works of fiction, have little effect, when addresses to the feelings are thus warm and vivid in the colouring. The more moderate denouncer of works of imagination supposes, that although novels may leave the young mind as virtuous as they found it, yet, inasmuch as they paint scenes of happiness which never exist in reality, the disappointment of such hopes lays up food for discontent and *ennui*; and the mind which has been taught to expect the accomplishment of all the visionary ideas of love and friendship, will sicken when the mask falls; and, compelled to acknowledge this real mockery, will sink into a state of peevishness and misanthropy.

Yet surely the novel may claim some share of regard. There are times when a work of fiction may be tolerated; it has sometimes lulled the senses to a forgetfulness of misery, and it may cause the body to lose some portion of a corroding disease; at such times the mind sickens at the abstracted schemes of science, and even the nervous language of a Gibbon may be too heavy for sense enervated by continued misery. The physician of the body brings his opiate to compose the aching nerves. It is true if this opiate is given in large quantities, or by an unskilful hand, the death of the patient may ensue. May not then the novel, properly selected, give a zest to higher walks of literature; and may not this species of writing be permitted, when stronger works would only tear the delicate texture of the mind.

Putting novels indiscriminately into the hands of children can never be defended; yet if they are not suffered to peruse them until they arrive at a mature age, how are they to arrive at a knowledge of the most fascinating description of the Belles Lettres, or be aware of those traps that are laid to betray early innocence? It is true there are some dispositions so very inflammable, that the smallest

breath will blow them into a flame. We ought not to wield a lighted torch in a room of gunpowder; but we must not abolish the glorious light of day, although it may sometimes destroy vegetation.

Be not then alarmed, gentle reader, at the *nouvellette* we are about to present to you; it will convey to your ear no improbable nor impossible exertion of energy; it scorns all German morals; it has only nature for its author; simplicity shall deign to guide my pen, and truth shall dictate my words. Throw it not aside, ye fair,—for your instruction it is written; yet if you expect to read a tale decked with meretricious ornaments, you will soon become disgusted; it will not then gain your attention; you will peruse no romantic, nor, I trust, uncommon story; you have not to triumph over the tyranny of a cruel father, or of an obstinate daughter, superior to *vulgar* feelings; but the memoir of a child dutious, a father grateful; a memoir, not of fiction, but a truism,—an example of virtue—a theory united with practice. Cherish then, ye fair, the duties I would inculcate, and pardon the use of fictitious names in the parties I would delineate; for true virtue shrinks from public gaze, as the violet from the northern gale.

Matilda Forrester was perhaps under more obligations to her parents than most girls. I do not mean to say they had rendered her perfect; such an idea is ridiculous; she did not paint equal to Fuseli; sing like Catalani; nor did her knowledge of music exceed that of Rameau, or Pergolesi; neither was she so beautiful as the Medicean Venus; yet wanting all these perfections, she was bearable; she possessed sufficient accomplishment to be the delight of all her acquaintance, and her personal beauties had gained her many admirers; yet blessed as she then was with fortune, she was ready to attribute much of the attention she received from that *sine-que-non* of mundane happiness; but those obligations she was under to her parents, particularly to her mother, and these it is that I would

chiefly dwell upon, were, the rigid inculcation of every moral and domestic duty, and a pure, constant, and high sense of religion ; these had contributed to raise up a resource within herself, and to gain her that self-possession in every difficulty, and raised her superior to the dependance on another for support ; this enabled her to throw herself before the Father of us all, to thank him for the past, and to beg for contentment for the future. " I never do this," I have heard her exclaim, " but I have risen superior to the world ; you may call this enthusiasm ; but does it harm any one ? If I have contentment, I have every thing. I am religious, because I know its value ; let them ridicule it who know it not. I would that my piety may be practical, in order that I may shew those of my friends who have not been educated as I have, that it does not consist in gloom, and want of feeling."

At this time she was more than content ; she was happy. Metaphors have been ransacked on the fleetness of happiness ; alas ! we all know that they are too true. Her parents were respected ; her father kept a town and country house, a carriage and servants ; all these contributed to his pleasures ; and every day saw him not only creating a new want, but it saw its gratification. Matilda had become enamoured with George Loudon ; he was every thing a romance writer could wish for ; he was in the army, handsome, brave, and accomplished ; irritable, and sentimental ; but all his violent demeanor had been soothed by the exertions of his mistress,—for he doted upon her, who was sensible of the many amiable qualities he possessed. Their parents had consented to the union, and they only awaited the law's delay to confirm their happiness. Each rising sun saw him at her side ; each day they roved over the beauties of hill and dale ; the setting orb of day witnessed their mutual trust in providence ; their praises ascended from the same prayer-book to the same God, as every sabbath fled and quick returned ; the active duties of visiting the sick were united, and each struggled which most

should gain the mastery of virtue; they talked, they read, they sung together; they roamed over the wild heath, and when the dews of heaven watered the earth, the pencil and the needle left no time vacant. This was indeed a happiness they feared could not last long; sometimes they dreaded what the checkered scenes of life might realize; they, however, hushed their fears, and resolved with gratitude to acknowledge the present good. Once more the slow solicitor was visited by the impatient Loudon, and he remained near a week from her he adored; but on the following day he determined once more to visit the scene of delight. He arose early in the morning, and in simple orisons vented his gratitude, and then ordered the chaise for the village of Eston; a misty morning in Autumn seemed to promise a fervid day; the birds had begun their hymns of joy; and when the sun had dried up the blue mist of the unrarified atmosphere, it presented to the sight the many-hued dew-drops that sparkled on the enamelled verdure; the bow of the husbandman greeted him at many a step; and he withheld not the "good morrow" to each humble peasant who acknowledged his presence. At length the glass undulated lake appeared between the trees; the yet distant whitened front of the mansion where Matilda lived, appeared; the sledge hammer, from the blacksmith's shed, struck on his ear; the cock's shrill clarion, and the noisy geese, just set at liberty; the busy hum of men, as he passed through the village, told him another day had commenced. At length he arrives at the destined spot; but the noise of his carriage wheels brought no busy hand to receive him; the shutters of his beloved were still closed; he saw the breakfast parlour was preparing, as he crossed the plantation, and the form of Matilda Forrester met his sight. I could paint their mutual delight; I could dwell on the luxury of reciprocity of ideas, for once I knew them; but I forbear. Two such pure minds as these seldom meet; they passed some time in converse; but Matilda's brow was clouded with

care; nature would assert her claims, though pity forbore to lacerate the breast of another; but love has enquiring eyes; who can withstand the keenness of its gaze? The wish of participation urged Loudon to beg, to insist, on knowing the cause of her apparent grief; and she was obliged to confess that her existence had been embittered by a father's frowns.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

BAGLIONE COSTANZA, a most pleasing singer, and excellent actress in the comic opera, at Milan, in 1770, at the head of a Bolognese musical family, of which six sisters were all singers; doubling the number of our Abram's, but not the merit. Three of these sisters went afterwards to Paris, "who pleased there so much (says M. La Borde) as to make us wish to hear the rest."—*Essai sur la Musique.*

BAIF JOHN ANTHONY, was born at Venice, 1532, where he probably acquired and cherished his passion for music. He was the natural son of the French Ambassador to that republic, had been a fellow student with the poet Ronsard, and was closely united to him by friendship and kindred arts. Baif, like our Sir Phillip Sidney, wished to introduce the feet and cadence of the dead languages into the living, and with the like success. He set his own verses to music; not to such music as might be expected from a man of letters, or a *dilettanti*, consisting of a single melody, but to counterpoint, or music in different parts. Of this kind, he published, in 1561, twelve hymns, or spiritual songs; and in 1578, several books of songs, all in four parts, of which both the words and the music were his own.—When men of learning condescend to study music *à fond*, professors think the art highly honoured by their notice; but poets are very unwilling to return the compliment,

and seldom allow a musician to mount Parnassus, or set his foot within the precincts of their dominions. Baif, however, was allowed to be as good a musician as a poet; and what entitles him to the more notice here, is the having established an academy, or concert, at his house, in the suburbs of Paris; where the performance was frequently honoured with the presence of Charles IX. Henry III. and the principal personages of the court. Mersennus, in *Genes*, p. 1683, has given a particular account of this establishment, the first in France of which we have met with any record. In this academy, or concert, dignified by a royal charter, in which voices, viols, and flutes, were employed, it was expected to recover the three genera of the Greeks, and all the miraculous powers of their ancient music.

BALBASTRE CLAUDE, an eminent organist at Paris, and a spirited composer of the old school, for keyed instruments. He was born at Dijon, 1729, and was a favorite disciple of Rameau, and organist of *Nôtre Dame* and *St. Roch*. He was a zealous cultivator of his art, and suggested to harpsichord and piano forte makers many improvements.

BALTAZARINI, an Italian performer on the Violin, who seems first to have brought that instrument into favour at the court of France, before any honourable mention is made of it elsewhere in that kingdom. He was sent, 1577, at the head of a band of violin players, from Piedmont, by Marshall Brissac, to Catherine de Medicis; and appointed by that princess her first valet de chambre, and superintendant of her music. The violin, however, seems to have been well known, and in general use in Italy at this time; as Montagne, who was at Verona in 1580, says that there were organs and violins, to accompany the mass in the great church, *Journ. du Voyage*. Baltazarini, having contributed greatly to the amusement of the royal

family and nobility, by his ingenuity in suggesting magnificent plans, machinery, and decorations, for ballets, divertisements, and other dramatic representations, received the quaint title of *Le Beau Joyeux*.

BALTZAR THOMAS, the first great performer on the violin, who visited this country from the continent, whose name appears in our musical annals, and the account which Anthony Wood gives of this extraordinary musician, in his life written by himself, is so characteristically quaint, minute, and amusing, that we shall transcribe it in his own words; as it will at once convey an idea to the musical reader of the superiority of Baltzar's execution, and of the state of music at Oxford, during the latter end of the interregnum. "Thomas Baltzar," says Anthony Wood, "a Lubecker born, and the most famous artist for the violin that the world had yet produced, was now (1658) in Oxon; and this day, (July 24th) A. W. was with him, and Mr. Ed. Low, lately organist of Ch. Ch. at the house of Will. Ellis. A. W. did then and there, to his very great astonishment, hear him play on the violin. He then saw him run up his fingers to the end of the finger board of the violin, and run them back insensibly, and all with alacrity, and in very good tune; which he, nor any in England, saw the like before. A. W. entertained him and Mr. Low with what the house could then afford, and afterwards he invited them to the tavern; but they being engaged to goe to other company, he could no more heare him play, or see him play, at that time. Afterwards he came to one of the weekly meetings at Mr. Ellis's house, and he played to the wonder of all the auditory, and exercising his finger and instrument several ways, to the utmost of his power. Wilson (Doctor), thereupon, the public professor, the greatest judge of music that ever was, did, after his humorsome way, stoope down to Baltzar's feet, to see whether he had a hoof on, that is to say, to see whether he was a devil or not; because he acted beyond

the parts of man. About this time it was that Doctor John Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and called the *flying bishop*, warden of Wadham, the greatest curioso of his time, invited him and some of the musicians to his lodgings in that coll. purposely to have a consort, and to see and heare him play. The instruments and books were carried thither, but none could be perswaded there to play against him in consort, on the violin. At length, the company perceiving A. W. standing behind in a corner neare the dore, they haled him in among them, and play forsooth he must against him. Whereupon, he being not able to avoid it, he took up a violin, as poor Troylus did against Achilles; he abashed at it, yet honour he got by playing with and against such a grand master as Baltzar was. Mr. Davis Mell was accounted, hitherto, the best for the violin in England; but after Baltzar came into England, and shewed his most wonderful parts on that instrument, Meli was not so admired; yet he played sweeter, was a well bred gentleman, and not given to excessive drinking, as Baltzar was." At the restoration of King Charles II. Baltzar was placed at the head of his majesty's new band of violins. His compositions have more force and variety in them, and consequently required more hand to execute them, than any music then known for this instrument, as appears by a M. S. collection of his pieces, with which we were presented by the late Rev. Dr. Montague North. Anthony Wood tells us, that this celebrated violinist died in July, 1663, and was buried in the cloister belonging to St. Peter's Church, at Westminster, and adds, that—"this person being much beloved by all lovers of music, his company was therefore desired; and company, especially musical company, delighting in drinking, made him drink more than ordinary, which brought him to his grave." A. Wood's life p. 190.

BAMBINI, a spirited Italian composer, who arrived at Paris during infancy, with the company of burletta sing-

ers who first performed in that capital, the *Serva Padrona* of Pergolisi, which gave birth to Rousseau's admirable "Lettre sur la Musique Française," and raised a party for Italian music, which has increased ever since. Bambini was the child, whose judicious accompaniment of the burletta singers on the harpsichord, Rousseau, in his letter, has so well described, and recommended to clumsy thorough-base players, who let nothing else be heard but the clattering of their chords. This letter, for which Rousseau was burnt in effigy at the Opera House door, at Paris, has never yet been forgiven, even by those who pretend to admire no vocal music but Italian, or German on that model.

BANISTER JOHN, the grandfather of this man, was one of the waits of the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, London; under whom his son was educated, and his talents engaging the attention of Charles II. he was sent by that monarch to France for improvement; but he so displeased his majesty by preferring the English to the French violins, that he was dismissed from the royal band. He afterwards had concerts at the various houses he resided in, or at particular rooms; and died in 1678. His son, John Banister, of whom there is a fine mezzotinto print by Smith, was an excellent performer on the violin, and one of King William's band; beside which, he played the first violin at Drury Lane Theatre when Operas were first performed there, and continued at the head of the band till about 1720; when Carbonelli succeeded him. He died in 1725, leaving a son of the same christian name, who taught on the flute, and rendered himself remarkable by playing on two flutes at the same time; an achievement that cannot possibly add to his real fame. It is rather an extraordinary occurrence, that the same family, in one branch or other of it, should have been public performers for so great a length of time.

THE GOSSIPER.NO. XVII.

"It is good for me that I have been in trouble."—DAVID.

THAT it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of joy, is one of those sentences of sacred writ, the efficacy of which will be more readily acceded to by those of my readers who are rapidly pacing down the vale of life, than those who, led forward by the blandishments of youth, conceive that they are mounting the hill of earthly and never-changing felicity. As I am one of the last persons who would wish that the latter should resist the few pleasurable emotions of the soul, I shall leave them in full possession of their fancied illusions. Alas! they will too soon find, "all is not gold that glitters;" and that the heart may be far from joyous, although the face be lit up with merriment; they will, like their fellows, discover that they have been cheated with an empty bubble; that they have been pursuing "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." They have yet to feel the dereliction of those whom they conceived to be their dearest friends; the disappointment of their darling wishes; and at the end of their days, while isolated, alone, like a sparrow on the house top, will exclaim, like the justly-punished, but repentant David, "Lord, thou hast put away my neighbours from me, and hid my lovers and acquaintances far from my sight." What then does all this prove? That this earthly habitation is not to be our everlasting abiding place; for a merciful God would not create us to be miserable, but to purify us for

"Another and a better world."

But the goodness of the Almighty still enables the juvenile traveller in life to continue his devious course ; at first irradiated with pleasure, but that pleasure is wisely diminished, when years more matured call forth those faculties which are to purchase him an hereafter of everlasting joy ; which to achieve, must be by deserving such a recompence.

Our first essay in life, our days of infancy, are marked with compassion ; the selfish worldly distinction, the visions of care and prudence, with regard to each other, are then not considered ; the child sees a poor wretch, barely covered with the rags of poverty, demanding bread ; its little heart already conceives the misery of going in the cold without food itself, and, with eyes full of tears, gives its all ; it asks for no story ; it bestows no castigation for improvidence ; pity absorbs its whole soul, and while it bestows the mite of compassion, joy lights up the features in the consideration of the sensations it has healed. Nay, in the hey-day of youth, we hear all the cold arguments of avarice unheeded,—that such a man was a drunkard,—that such a woman is an impostor,—and both given over to a fate they justly merited. It is not until the meridian of life that we take parsimony, self-gratification, and caution, for our guides ; and then only is the look of pity suspended,—the hand of compassion no longer presented, although we are better enabled to confer assistance ; but in prosperity our hearts are lifted up, and worldly consequence lifteth up our horn. Thus when the heart is joyous, it thinks not ; the obstreperous laugh of mirth drowns every proper feeling,—every fine sensation. Nothing is easier than to be what people generally term merry, where a dozen persons are sitting round a table, at which some exhilarating potion takes its round ; we may call it the feast of reason and the flow of soul ; we may lull ourselves into a forgetfulness of misery, but the heart suffers. When I ask myself how I spent yesterday, the birth-day of my friend Will Freeport, I can only find out that a day has

fled, that I laughed much, but that I recollect the cause of it was the deformity of one man, the imperfections or depravity of another, the joke of libertinism, or the wit of the atheist. In this tumult of exhilaration, did the poor, squalid object who was sent from our window with threats, participate in our joy? Did the remains of those luxuries which strewed our table, comfort his shivering frame? No; for in the midst of our revels, pity was forgotten, religion stood aghast, and many a vile sensation called imperiously for gratification. Trust me, my young friends, I would not make you gloomy enthusiasts; but I would banish joy for cheerfulness; for the placid smile of benignity, and the continued wish to do good, in order to make you worthy of that place where all grief is wiped away, and where sorrow shall be no more.

In the delirium of enjoyment, self is only regarded; in prosperity, pride and envy are at our heels; and in health we are often un pitying; but when adversity goads us, when chagrin and sorrow depress us, pity again creeps into our hearts; the unfortunate are then our brothers and our sisters; misfortunes level all; they are like us, and one with us; we then turn to that God whom we have offended for comfort, and to obey those commands which can only make us finally happy; and we find a sweet, consolatory, and satisfactory cheerfulness pervade our souls in the offices of forgiveness and charity; while we are doing this, we do not then avoid the couch of disease, or the pallet of the widow; for we, in making her heart sing for joy, know what it is to be robbed of those whom we adored. No cup of enjoyment is dashed from our lips by the voice of misery; for we are also, by the same God, levelled to the dust. Are we stripped of one half of our fortune? we can yet spare a mite to him who has not wherewithal to buy a morsel of bread.

Pride, the everlasting tormentor of mankind, leaves us in trouble, and when pride is departing, cheerfulness is

not far distant. I do contend, that a person is better disposed after an affecting recital than a joyous tale; when the heart is softened, we become nearer allied to humanity; mirth may be excited improperly, but compassion never can; the motive must be praiseworthy.

I shall conclude this paper with an affecting and true anecdote, and if for a moment it should throw a gloom upon merriment, a tear will not *dim* the eyes of sensibility; and I trust they will forgive me, when I assure my readers, it cannot take away that animation from their countenances which the loud laugh would rob them of; and that I am firmly persuaded, if they possess those amiable qualities of their sex, and to those only I direct my lucubrations, they will arise with more compassionate hearts than they entered with, and not only with more pity for the miseries of others, but with a stronger determination to relieve them.

A Mr. and Mrs. Glover, who lived nearly adjoining the church of St. Nicholas, Worcester, had been so unfortunate as to lose two children in their infancy by the small pox, and so nearly at the same time, that they were both interred together in one vault; this loss proved so great a shock to the mother, that Mr. Glover found it necessary to take every means to prevent a too frequent recurrence of the sad event to reach her mind. He had for that purpose engaged the sexton of the parish to inform him of those days on which funerals were to take place, that he might, which he frequently did, take Mrs. G. on a visit to some friend, distant enough from home to prevent her not only seeing the occasional processions, but also hearing the tolling of the church bell. Twelve months had thus passed, and from an unremitted attention to this prudent measure, no inconvenience had arisen; but on Friday, April the 3d, 1767, through the neglect of the sexton, who had failed to give the previous intimation to Mr. G. an electric shock—"the death-bell smote her ear;" and all a mother's grief arose at once into

the bosom of this amiable woman. The husband, who saw it too late to prevent her agonizing affliction, endeavoured still to soothe her, but in vain; she recollected it to have been twelve months since the same bell had summoned her infants to the grave; she recollected also (fatally) that the door of the vault in which they lay was now open; but she concealed that thought, and assuming a composure that lulled the vigilance of her husband, who had from thence formed hopes of her being able to sustain the trial with some degree of fortitude, he left her to a momentary indulgence of her melancholy reflections. Alas! it was not long before he found how cruelly he had deceived himself; this modern Rachael, that would not be comforted, because her children were not, pursuing the gloomy purpose of her soul, had eluded all his watchfulness, and had made her way to the house of death; she had reached the coffins of her infants, where she fell, and almost instantly expired.—*Worcester Journal*, No. 3006; April 9th.

On a stone is to be seen—"Eliza, wife of William Glover, of this parish, died April 3d, 1767, aged 45; also two of their children, who died in their infancy." C.

*. The complaints of Umbrella, in our last Gossiper, have been attended to; but they are in some measure deemed frivolous. The Parasol recommends itself above Umbrella for its lightness and elegance; and Umbrella, notwithstanding its murmurs, has gone through many modifications; its comfort and beauty are much increased, since he became only a fashionable appendage; then worn by every puppy. Umbrella is still often the companion of the fair sex, as also the man of science and fashion. As well might many other obsolete fashions complain as Umbrella; let him call to mind its once cumbrous shape, and its present Chinese dome and brass appendages.—GOSSIPER.

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Concluded from page 134.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

PETRARCH says, he in vain endeavours to fly from love; it pursues him every where. Formerly I could with you have laughed at this romantic lover; but now I subscribe to his sentiments with fervor, and think that even he felt less than I do.

This place is replete with gaiety, replete with beauty, elegance, and fashion: when last I saw you, Charles, I could have entered into its enjoyments with delight; but now I behold every thing with a jaundiced eye; nothing gives me ease or pleasure; the society,—alas!

“Society is no comfort to one not sociable.”

But there is no Ellen Morland, no Mr. Conway here. I fly from the frivolous, unmeaning crowds of company to the sea shore; I wander for hours, telling my woes to the seas and cliffs. And why not? did I complain to the unfeeling beings I herd with, they would be only ridiculed; whereas the waves and winds by their melancholy murmuring, appear to sympathize with me; or burying myself in my chamber, I turn over my books and drawings; I read and weep over the passages we together have read, and together admired; or gaze, till my tears blind me, at the works of her pencil. Once, in my days of happiness, we were both reading in one book; I held one side, and Ellen the other; with one of those little artifices love is so expert in, I slipped my fingers far

enough across the book to touch hers. The acquisition, you will say, was not great ; and yet it was enough to divert my attention completely from the subject we were studying, and to throw my senses into a whirl of delight. You remember the rose I gathered, and presented to Ellen, at Martha's cottage : after she had worn it in her bosom the whole day, I found it withered, and discarded. In a moment of enthusiasm, I wrote the following, and wrapped the rose carefully in the paper.

TO A ROSE.

On Ellen's bosom, lovely rose !
With stern decree, why has fate chose,
Thou shoud'st thy ruddy bloom disclose ?
Alas ! poor flow'r !

What tho' with heav'nly tints you glow ;
Amidst such eye attractive snow,
Can you expect one glance ? Ah ! no !
Ill fated flower !

For though thy station all desire,
None there thy beauties can admire ;
With envy then thou'lt soon expire,
Unhappy Rose !

Alas ! 'tis so ; thou'rt gone, poor flow'r !
Thy charms have shone their shorten'd hour ;
Thy scents to please have now no pow'r,
Poor Rose ! poor Rose !

But thou hast caught from Ellen's eye
The dewy tear ; and on her sigh
Thy odours to the breeze did fly,
Much envied Rose !

When from the bush, whereon you grew,
I gave thee, all o'erpearl'd with dew,
The gift a smile from Ellen drew ;
I thank thee, Rose !

Discarded e'en, thy wither'd form,
 As Ellen's once, retains a charm,
 Enough my doting heart to warm,
 Blest Rose! blest Rose!

More precious, then, thy wreck I'll hold
 Than misers do their worshipp'd gold;
 With care these lines shall thee infold,
 Sweet, hallow'd flow'r!

The other day I found these lines, and the rose inclosed in them, in my portfolio, and by accident took up the book; the emotions, the recollections they excited, and gave birth to in my mind are indescribable; never did monkish superstition guard the finger of a saint with more veneration and zeal, than I do these relics, sacred to departed happiness. The philosopher, the man of reason, would laugh at this; the child of sensibility, and of passion, alone would feel it. I am very little of the philosopher now, Charles.—ADIEU,

HENRY M——.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

I become worse and worse, my friend? Hebe's cup is taken, I think, for ever from my lips; I am thin, pale, and feeble. Oh!

"If ever (as that ever may be near)
 "You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,
 "Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 "That love's keen arrows make."

I feel alone in this emporium of fashion. How feebly is one man chained to another! I once thought otherwise, but then I was happy. What are my woes to another? nothing! I used to fear that every eye which looked upon

me, read my heart, and saw its wounds ; but they cannot, else they would not pass on with the smiling faces they do. No one enquires into the cause of my grief, or attempts to alleviate it. Individual woes are nothing to the multitude.

Has man any business on earth, when he is in this isolated state ? you will urge duties, moral duties. Oh ! nature ! nature ! why didst thou form my heart of materials incapable of being illumined by the cold hand of duty ; but of materials which, when once kindled into a flame by the spark of passion, are unquenchable ?

“ How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,

“ Seem to us all the uses of this world ! ”

When no ray of hope enlivens the dark blank of futurity ; it is hope alone cheers life, and when her star is hidden, life is horrible ; it has long since set on my mind : then “ what should such a fellow as I do crawling between heaven and earth ? ” poor Hamlet !

St. Preux says, “ our life is of no consequence in the sight of God ; it is of no importance in the eyes of reason ; neither ought it to be of any in our sight ; and when we quit our body, we only lay aside an inconvenient habit.” Inconvenient ! I have worn this habit till I loathe it ; Why may I not throw it off ? the Philosophical reasoner may answer me in cool, dispassionate language ; and point out innumerable moral obligations why ; but let him feel as miserable about the heart as I do, and then hear him. I have somewhere read, or heard, of a lover, who being resolved to shoot himself in the presence of his mistress, whom he believed unfaithful, loaded his pistol with the kindest billet she ever sent him ; that man was acquainted with the very soul of love ; Ellen's billet, which told me her love ;—and banished me !—!—!

Human nature ! human nature ! how variable art thou ! how are our minds subject to every gust ! after writing the above, I arose, and walked about my room like a

madman; I took the billet from my pocket; I looked for my pistols; but Thomas had removed them; I rang the bell in anger; he entered; and, Charles, a tear from his eye, as he spoke of my illness, brought back my wandering senses; it banished the reasons of a St. Preux and a Werter from my mind; a human being interested himself for me—loved me. The fibre it touched was fine; it, as it were, dragged me back again to life.—FAREWELL!

HENRY M——.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

I have heard from Mr. Conway: Next week Ellen is of age, and shortly after she is to become——

Shall I then never see Ellen Morland again? never? never? Dreadful! impossible! what is to hinder me? space? paltry consideration! I must see her; I'll set out to morrow; I must not let Thomas know my design; the good creature, by his care and attention, has gained such an ascendancy over me, that he does as he pleases with me almost. He would not let me go; I must be secret; I must see her once—once more,—and then.

H. M.

CONCLUSION.

The unfortunate passion of Sir Henry M—— for Miss Morland, had so entwined itself in the fibres of his heart, that his mind's strength was entirely subdued. His was one of those minds, which, when once it places its affections upon an object, it is with such fervor, that ingratitude from the beloved person, or an interruption to the intercourse, causes the most dreadful effects.

These feelings peculiar to him, those latent energies he felt he possessed, had, previous to his acquaintance with Ellen, lain like diamonds, rendered rayless by sur-

rounding gloom ; but when Ellen, like the sun, appeared, to call forth their warmth and lustre, he, ignorant of the barrier which separated them, entered into the pleasures her society gave him with enthusiasm ; and soon loved her with a degree of warmth few are capable of. How poignant then was his sorrow, when he learnt, after having drank too deep of the sweet cup of love to be able to recall the poison from his veins, that the idol of his soul was the contracted wife of another !

Infatuated as he was, he was incapable of the effort of quitting her ; till, by a noble effort, she requested it. He left her, but his mind had lost its tone ; every idea of joy and happiness he had embarked in the vessel which was lost to him ; life contained not one attraction for him ; and at the time he formed the romantic resolution of seeing Ellen once more before she was married, his health and spirits were at the lowest ebb.

With much art he avoided the attendance of Thomas ; and on the morning after he wrote the last note, he procured post horses and a chaise, and travelled as fast as four horses could drag him towards M——, scarcely allowing himself sufficient nourishment to keep the vital powers in circulation. He arrived about dusk at M——, and leaving the inn to which he had ordered the chaise, he said he would walk to the Parsonage. It was a cold, comfortless, dark evening ; nature seemed to correspond with the gloom of his mind. In his way he passed his house, which was not yet finished ; he stopt, and gazed at it several minutes ; exclaimed from his most favorite author, Ossian, “ Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day, yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty courts, and whistles round thy half worn shield ;” heaved a heart rending sigh, and proceeded. It was become dark before he reached the parsonage ; there was a little gate at which he had been accustomed to enter, which led to the back part of the house ; his legs tottered

under him as he entered the grounds, and he was scarcely able to walk.

As he drew near the house, he heard the sound of Ellen's harp; it electrified his whole frame; he listened till she finished the air with inconceivable emotions; at the moment she ceased to play, Bran, the dog he had given her, ran barking towards him; but recognizing him, couched at his feet, and evinced the greatest joy: this little incident affected him extremely, and he wept, as he caressed the dog: he entered the room from whence the sound of the music proceeded, by a garden door; Ellen was there, and alone. He was weakened by illness, to almost infantine debility; he had travelled much too quick; his feelings at seeing her alone overpowered his little remaining strength; and the instant he gained the room, he sank senseless at her feet. She screamed with surprize, and fainted. Mrs. Conway heard the scream, and rushed into the room. Ellen was shortly recovered; not so Sir Henry; he was carried to bed; before twelve, he was in a high fever; and ere the sun had arisen twice on the parsonage windows, the young, the enlightened, the kind, the rich Sir Henry M—— was a corpse.

W. R.

TO TAKE AWAY DEAFNESS;

A Receipt of our Ancestors, as estimable for its certain cure as for the humanity of the preparation.

TAKE a grey eel, with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot, quick alive, and stop the pot very close with an earthen cover, or some such hard substance; then dig a deep hole in a dunghill, and set it therein,—cover it over, and so let it remain for a fortnight; then take it out, clear out the oil which will come from it, and drop it in the imperfect ear.

BELOE'S ANECDOTES,

POETICAL DEPOT,

NO. IV.

ADDRESS BY LORD BYRON,

Spoken October 10th, 1812, by Mr. Elliston, at the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride ;
In one short hour, beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and SHAKSPEARE cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, oh sight admir'd and mourn'd !
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd !
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven ;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home ;
As glar'd the volum'd blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own ;
Till blackening ashes, and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall.
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for SHAKSPEARE—worthy him and you ?

Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame ;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been* :—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell ;
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well !*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh ! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost. •
On Drury first your SIDDONS' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart ;

On Drury, GARRICK's latest laurels grew,
 Here your last tears retiring ROSCIUS drew,
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu ;
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
 That only *waste* their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd, and claims,—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;
 With garlands deck your *OWN* MENANDER's head ;
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead !

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere GARRICK fled, or BRINSLEY ceas'd to write ;
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of theirs.
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line ;
 Pause—ere their feeblér offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both players and plays
 Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless pow'r to cherish or reject ;
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forebore to blame,
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste, it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute !—
 Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause—
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours !—
 This greeting o'er,—the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too,—whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !—
 Britons our judges, nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please, long—long may *you* preside

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Boston, September, 1812.

Having lately received a letter from a friend with Marquis Wellington in Spain, describing the miseries occasioned by the cruelties of the French army, I have thrown together some of the incidents in the manner of a tale ; hoping you will find them worthy of insertion,—I am, Sir, your's,

R. PORTER.

MISERIES OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

A TRUE STORY.

“ Here then, let list'ning sympathy prevail,
“ Whilst conscious truth unfolds a piteous tale.”

FALCONER.

THE vesper bell of the neighbouring convent had ceased its mournful tollings ; the inhabitants of the valley were wrapped in sleep ; and although war raged at the distance of a few leagues, here all seemed peace and happiness. The lovely Constantia, and her aged parents, had also bolted the door of their little cottage, and retired ; they, to renovate their exhausted spirits by sleep—she to meditate in secret upon the united virtues of her beloved Alphonso. Little did she think the enchanting visions which then presented themselves to her imagination, were upon the point of being for ever blasted ; little did she think their next meeting would be clouded by danger and distress. The irresistible efforts of Morpheus were upon the point of conquering for a time the delightful visions of love, when a loud knocking at the door aroused her ; she arose from her bed, and at the same instant heard the voice of Alphonso thus addressing her father,—“ Awaken your wife and daughter ; let us fly ; for the army of the French is now crossing the mountain ; murder and rapine mark their path ; nothing but instant flight can save us. Hasten, honoured father ; I will die in protecting you and my Constantia from the murderous hands of the enemy.” They quickly arose, and

with heavy hearts, put up a prayer to heaven for their safety; then, with the young Alphonso for their guide, issued from the cottage.

Constantia beheld the torches of the enemy, who were now not more than a mile from the village, with dreadful forebodings; and seizing the arm of Alphonso, whilst her aged mother rested upon the other, with quick but uneven footsteps they took their way to the opposite mountains, hoping to find some secret cavern, to hide themselves from destruction. Alphonso's only fear was for his precious charge; and he determined, should any one obstruct their flight, to perish in her defence. They had reached the foot of the mountain; when, suddenly, from behind an angle, rushed a party of the enemy's infantry, who, by the help of their torches, instantly perceived them; and, having liberty to commit what ravages they pleased, immediately proceeded to tear the beautiful Constantia from the arm of her defender. "Villains, forbear," exclaimed the furious Alphonso, as he drew his sabre, with one blow of which he severed the arm of the wretch who had first dared to touch the flowing garments of his beloved. Three fell by his hand, but the blood flowed plentifully from the wounds he had received; overpowered by numbers, and fainting from the loss of blood, he could only articulate "Adieu, Constantia," before he sank upon the ground, and the dreadful scene was lost to him in insensibility. When reason returned, he lifted his aching head from the ground, and the whole catastrophe burst upon his mind, with dreadful certainty; the village was in flames; piercing shrieks assailed his ear; and by the light of the distant fires, he beheld, horrid to relate! the murdered bodies of his Constantia's parents; this shocking sight aroused his dormant energies, and starting on his feet, whilst his knees shook with weakness, he snatched a sword from one of the dead bodies, for his own was broken by his fall; and, whilst he raised the crimson point to the skies, exclaimed—"Never shall this

sword be sheathed, till I have revenged the death of these my dearest friends; never shall it rest, till it has searched the hearts of my Constantia's ravishers;" then, sinking on his knees, he cried—"Great God! see'st thou these deeds unmoved? No; it is impossible; thou heard'st my vow, and wilt direct my arm."

Exhausted by the violence of his emotions, he leaned against a tree; never had such a variety of painful sensations oppressed his heart; unused to misfortune, he seemed ready to sink under the weight; blest with plenty and the love of his Constantia, his heart had felt no pang, since the time when he lost both his own parents in one week by a cruel distemper; the house of Constantia's father had been a home to him; and he now seemed to stand alone in the wide world.

Having stopped the bleeding of his wounds, as well as he was able, with his cloak, he grasped the sword, and took his way to the burning village; he entered it amidst groans of misery, and the exulting shouts of the unfeeling enemy. As he contemplated the scene around him with an aching heart, two of the soldiers passed him, and he caught the words—"Where did you take her?" The hope of hearing of his Constantia made him attentive to the answer; it was—"To the convent." "What did he give you, Junio?" said the first.—"Nothing; but he bade me call in ten minutes, and he would reward me." "I am glad of it," said the first; "what will he give us?"—"Us!" exclaimed Junio, "you can have no claim to a share; was it not I who took her to him?" "True," said the other; "but did not I assist? was it not I who sent the two old ones out of the way, and directed my sword to the heart of the young one?" Alphonso panted for revenge, but was determined to wait the event; in short, one insisted for a share, and the other continued to deny his claim, till from high words they drew their swords; and the murderer of Constantia's parents was soon prostrate on the earth. The other proceeded on his way to claim his reward, followed close by Alphonso, who could not but

admire how the Almighty turned the sword of the murderer upon himself.

Alphonso continued to follow his guide, till he reached the time-disfigured walls of the convent; here a new scene of horror and sacrilege met his sight; the blood of the inhabitants stained the walls; in the entry they met two men busily employed in carrying off the plate; and the officers of the army had some of them taken possession of the apartments. He followed the soldier along the galleries, till they reached the door of the chamber through which the man entered, and Alphonso concealed himself behind a pillar on the outside; the door was ajar, and he beheld his Constantia and a young officer seated upon a sofa. The man was paid, and on leaving the room still left the door in the same situation as when he entered; he heard the wretch offer the most splendid rewards, if she would willingly comply with his wishes; and when all his entreaties were in vain, saw him pull a dagger from his vest, and bid her choose that or his embraces. "Never! never!" exclaimed the frantic Constantia; while, in the agonies of despair, she called upon heaven and her Alphonso to assist her. All was in vain; the wretch brandished his weapon, and prepared to plunge it into her heart. "Murderer! forbear," exclaimed Alphonso, as he rushed into the room; but it was too late; the steel was too sure; it had pierced her heart!

The whole rage of Alphonso was now turned upon the destroyer; they fought, until they were overpowered by weakness from the loss of blood, and ready to sink with fatigue; Alphonso determined to rouse all his dying strength in one last effort; it succeeded, and he beheld his enemy prostrate before him, in the agonies of death; but, alas! this was not a time for triumph; his Constantia was no more; his own spirit was ebbing fast. And, to shorten the mournful tale, in a few moments he breathed his last by the side of all he held dear on earth.

R. PORTER.

*From Tristram Tattle, in London, to his Cousin
Dolly, in the Country.*

LETTER IV.

October 19th, 1812.

WHAT a curious idea is your's, my dear Dolly, of referring to me for information about your dress! who see so little of the *beau monde*! but you know you do with me just as you like; and I must try to comply with your request. I always thought your sex too careless of their dress; not in the number of colours and materials they buy, but in the choice; until lately, a fashion used to be adopted which the fat, the lean, the brown, and the fair, all wore alike. If a woman wishes to be well dressed, she should make herself sensible of those blemishes in her form and face which every one, more or less, are born with, and suit her habiliments accordingly. Miss Twaddle, whom you know walks like a pigeon, wears short petticoats; while Laura Meadows, whose ankle used to give me such pleasure to behold, dresses ever with a long train; the Miss Dumplings expose their red arms with short sleeves; and Lady Mary Hectic is covered with muslin; even her fine taper fingers, which are only seen when she is at her harp, are gloved all over. The best way for women to invent becoming dresses, is to take them in part from old pictures; what appeared becoming a hundred years ago, will surely be so now; let them adopt such ideas as they think will accord with their persons. How often has the cap of Mary, Queen of Scots, been revived with increased satisfaction; the moderate ruff of Elizabeth; and the Vandyke lace; all these, under different modifications, look extremely well. Ladies, in their dress, are too fond of thwarting nature, in-

stead of assisting her : at one time, the shoulders and neck are forced up to the chin ; at another, their bodies appear like that of the wasp, cut almost in two.

The habiliments of females were more becoming a century ago than they were five-and-thirty years since. Sir Joshua Reynolds had to produce faithful and graceful copies, when the ruthless hand of fashion, patroness of wool, pomatum, and powder, disguised every female ; yet you see, in the hand of Genius, the mode of high heads has even made this costume bearable ; he steered between ; it is true, he dressed the hair partly as then worn ; but a tasteful disposition of curls made them look much less absurd than in the subjects who were sitting to his pencil. Powder will ever be deemed unbecoming in females, except in the aged ; we assimilate venerable ideas with it ; how much more respectable does our dear Aunt Meadows look, with her powdered hair peeping over her forehead, between a handsome cap, than old Polly Has-been, with the false ringlets of imitative youth.

There is scarcely a feature in women that delights our sex more than a pretty foot, and a neat-turned ancle ; a scarcity, by the bye, in your part of the country ; but where possessed, how is its beauty marred by the appearance of a large foot ! what dæmon of disgust invented the heavy velvet shoe, I cannot conceive ; many a pretty foot I have seen ruined by this bungling piece of mechanism ; the shoe cannot fit well, unless it is made right and left ; if made to fit both feet alike, the quarters will open wide ; place both your feet, without shoes, on a bed of sand, you will then see that they assume the shape of an obtuse angle, the toes turning from each other ; consequently, a shoe worn for a day, gets the bias of the foot it covers ; change it the next, and you will find it is not easily recovered. High heels are invariably *monstrosities*, and are sure to make the foot heavy, and disagreeable in appearance behind. I had sooner walk with my wife, short as she may be, than see her propped up by a high heel,

which only throws her forward; to me it is astonishing how Queen Ann got her toes into the unyielding canoes of that day, yeilded shoes.

The pelisse is the most becoming dress that art could have invented, as it shews the shape of a fine woman to advantage, and if made well, is a medium to make an unwieldy one look tolerable, and a well-shaped female delightful; as a proof of its neatness and elegant convenience, it has now stood unrivalled for more than twelve years. May it long continue! while the abominable shawl, confined to the winter's evening out of doors, there keeps its proper distance. The shawl we have imported from France; it is a deforming appendage; I would as soon follow a walking watch-box as a female with a long breadth of white, shapeless muslin. The English women do not know how to put them on gracefully; to be elegant, they should be extremely full, and so as to fall into numberless graceful folds, as may be seen on the Grecian statues.

Your habiliments are so much more capable of being graceful than ours, that I do not wonder, independent of your charms, that painters love to paint the female figure; our vile costume gives us no chance for picturesque effect; the only thing we can do, if we wish our pictures to last as decent compositions, is to put off that horrible appendage, a stuffed neckcloth, and throw a dressing gown over our body. How ridiculous does the master of the house always look in his portraiture stuck over the mantle of the dining parlour, either with one hand stuck in his waistcoat, or else with a letter in his hand, which he never appears to read! how very like, and what a beautiful picture he makes to-day, and what a fool he looks twenty years hence!

Avoid all unhealthy restriction of wood, steel, or whalebone; the present ridiculous fashion of busks is very prejudicial to health, by pressing against the sternon, or breast-bone; they injure and prevent aspiration. Adieu,

Dolly ; if you are not contented with this, I will send you a long dissertation on dress, from the painted bodies of the Piets to the painted faces of the present day.

Your's, truly,

TRISTRAM TATTLE.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

STANZAS in honour of the late Victories of the MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON, by ROBERT HENRY JACKSON, a youth of 14 ; Price 1s. Printed for the Author, and sold by Geo. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry.

We ought, perhaps, to make some apology to our female correspondents, for submitting to their perusal a work which, from its military feature, may be deemed rather inimical to their general pursuits ; the peculiar circumstances, however, in which this work comes before the public, being the work of so young a poet, causes us to hope that they may be interested in its fate. The matrons and daughters of ancient Rome, in its most virtuous epocha, did not disdain to excite their youth to avenge the cause of injured liberties, however this may not be compatible with the peaceable virtues of the daughters of Britain ; though they may refuse to sound the tocsin of war, they will not withhold the laurels of success, or refuse to bind the brows of their countrymen with wreaths of honour, who have preserved for them their dearest rights.

The Stanzas of Master Jackson possess considerable merit ; they contain one-and-twenty well-written verses ; and however we may in general be no favourers of precocity of talent, we do not withhold the meed of applause from the author of this work ; they have already run through one edition, a sure proof of the public estimation. He has treated the victories of the brave Wellington in a very classical manner, and with as much novelty

which only throws her forward; to me it is astonishing how Queen Ann got her toes into the unyielding canoes of that day, yeilded shoes.

The pelisse is the most becoming dress that art could have invented, as it shews the shape of a fine woman to advantage, and if made well, is a medium to make an unwieldy one look tolerable, and a well-shaped female delightful; as a proof of its neatness and elegant convenience, it has now stood unrivalled for more than twelve years. May it long continue! while the abominable shawl, confined to the winter's evening out of doors, there keeps its proper distance. The shawl we have imported from France; it is a deforming appendage; I would as soon follow a walking watch-box as a female with a long breadth of white, shapeless muslin. The English women do not know how to put them on gracefully; to be elegant, they should be extremely full, and so as to fall into numberless graceful folds, as may be seen on the Grecian statues.

Your habiliments are so much more capable of being graceful than ours, that I do not wonder, independent of your charms, that painters love to paint the female figure; our vile costume gives us no chance for picturesque effect; the only thing we can do, if we wish our pictures to last as decent compositions, is to put off that horrible appendage, a stuffed neckcloth, and throw a dressing gown over our body. How ridiculous does the master of the house always look in his portraiture stuck over the mantle of the dining parlour, either with one hand stuck in his waistcoat, or else with a letter in his hand, which he never appears to read! how very like, and what a beautiful picture he makes to-day, and what a fool he looks twenty years hence!

Avoid all unhealthy restriction of wood, steel, or whalebone; the present ridiculous fashion of busks is very prejudicial to health, by pressing against the sternon, or breast-bone; they injure and prevent aspiration. Adieu,

Dolly ; if you are not contented with this, I will send you a long dissertation on dress, from the painted bodies of the Picts to the painted faces of the present day.

Your's, truly,

TRISTRAM TATTLE.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

STANZAS in honour of the late Victories of the MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON, by ROBERT HENRY JACKSON, a youth of 14 ; Price 1s. Printed for the Author, and sold by Geo. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry.

We ought, perhaps, to make some apology to our female correspondents, for submitting to their perusal a work which, from its military feature, may be deemed rather inimical to their general pursuits ; the peculiar circumstances, however, in which this work comes before the public, being the work of so young a poet, causes us to hope that they may be interested in its fate. The matrons and daughters of ancient Rome, in its most virtuous epocha, did not disdain to excite their youth to avenge the cause of injured liberties, however this may not be compatible with the peaceable virtues of the daughters of Britain ; though they may refuse to sound the tocsin of war, they will not withhold the laurels of success, or refuse to bind the brows of their countrymen with wreaths of honour, who have preserved for them their dearest rights.

The Stanzas of Master Jackson possess considerable merit ; they contain one-and-twenty well-written verses ; and however we may in general be no favourers of precocity of talent, we do not withhold the meed of applause from the author of this work ; they have already run through one edition, a sure proof of the public estimation. He has treated the victories of the brave Wellington in a very classical manner, and with as much novelty

as a work of this kind will admit. Did not delicacy forbid our saying more, the work being published by the same person who publishes our Museum, we should extend our critique and recommendation to a further length; but we do not choose to be suspected of partiality.

We understand this young gentleman has written a poem, containing one thousand lines; it is called ALFRED, and will be shortly introduced to the public.

THEATRES, &c.

THE theatres of the HAYMARKET and the LYCEUM are closed; the former on Friday the 2d of October, and the latter on Wednesday the 30th of September. We did see a new piece performed at the English Opera; it was called—*A West Wind, or Off for London*; but peace to its manes,—we will not waste time in criticism upon so abominable a composition. We trust we “ne’er shall see the like again.”

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

On Tuesday the 6th of October was produced a new play, in three acts, written by *Mr. Dimond*, called—*The Æthiop, or the Child of the Desert*; the plot of which, as far as we could comprehend it, is as follows:

“The Caliph Haroun Alrachid (*Mr. Charles Kemble*) is disguised as the Æthiop, in order to prove the affections of his Sultana (*Mrs. H. Johnson*); this is combined with the efforts of Almanzor (*Miss S. Booth*), assisted by her uncle (*Mr. Young*), to be restored to the dominions of his father, who has been deposed and murdered by the father of Alrachid. There is, as usual, an under part,—it is the loves of a camel driver (*Mr. Fawcett*) and his wife (*Mrs. Charles Kemble*), with the hackneyed story of conveying two old lords, who propose dishonourable love to the faithful wife; and who are made to enter two boxes, for fear of being discovered, when the key is given to their

wives, who set them at liberty, and witness their disgrace."

The performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and the very superb manner in which this piece is got up reflects the highest credit on the managers for their liberality, at the same time that it blunts the edge of criticism. The music is by Bishop. Broadhurst, late of Sadler's Wells, seems rising fast in his profession; he introduced a song in this piece, which he executed in a truly beautiful style. This play still continues a favourite with the town, as also the splendidly-revived burletta of Midas, in which Sinclair has been as yet obliged to repeat the song of "Pray, Goody, please to moderate, &c." Is this a caprice of the audience? for we perceive nothing so *very* particular in Sinclair's execution of it.

On Friday October 16th, was produced a new farce, called *Schniederkins*, or rather *Mr. Charles Matthews*. We have every respect for this gentleman's talents; but as we pay 7s. for admittance, we think the managers might afford us a few more performers; we had hoped, as theatrical reform seems the order of the day, that the Covent Garden managers would have paid some deference to the public opinion; it was much condemned; however, as is usual, it was announced in their bills, in consequence of the *plaudits* it received.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday the 10th of October, 1812, this theatre, long the object of anticipated pleasure, opened to the public. As we have no interest either before or behind the curtain, and as our duty could be paid to our subscribers after the first night, we did not, in common with our countrymen, who are so proverbially fond of sights, join the indiscreet throng on the first night of performance; but waited patiently, in order that we might make our observations unmolested, and take that particular view of the subject which we presume the diurnal critics, though they affected

to do so, were prevented from, by the pressure of the crowd, and the number of persons, which must have obstructed their view of the house.

On the second night of representation we made our *entrée*, and determined to view every part of it coolly and deliberately, without suffering the charms of novelty to blind our judgment; yet we could not help, on immediately beholding the stage, exclaiming aloud,—“What a beautiful idea is here realized!” The whole house appeared grand at first; but when the charm of novelty subsided, we saw many things that our sober reason could not approve of; but perhaps it will be necessary, for the pleasure of our country friends, to enter into a regular detail. Instead then of the kind of stage, the sides of which are fitted up with doors, we beheld two large candelabras, or rather tripod lamps gilt, upon a scagliola base, which is supported by griffons of bronze, three to each tripod; on the top of which are a number of small burners, not of gas, but hydrostatic floating lamps. The stage is supported by two large columns of verd antique, of the Corinthian order, with gilt capitals; the candelabras stand as high as the stage box, and the *tout ensemble* presents a degree of classical elegance and rich novelty never met with before in this country.

Thus far all is well; but when we turned ourselves round, and saw the fronts of the boxes ornamented with gold and red, and blue and red, *ad infinitum*, we sadly regretted the absence of that elegant and classical simplicity which decorates the front of the boxes at the rival house with the fret and lotus border; but while they have avoided the elegance of this part of Covent Garden Theatre, they have imitated the worst of its decorations, the hard red at the back of the boxes; this spreads a heavy and monotonous hue around; the return of the boxes which spring from the stage also appear poor and unfinished; two pilasters, of the same order with the columns on the stage, would more elegantly finish this part of the theatre.

The Regent's box is situated on the left side of the theatre in the pit circle ; the front is richly gilt, and the reclining part covered with rich crimson velvet ; adjoining is a retiring room, communicating with an anti-room ; the whole covered with Persian carpeting, and superbly furnished with mirrors, gilt Grecian sofas, and chairs, covered with crimson, silk and gold trimmings, and illuminated by candelabras, with Barton's lamps. The private stair-case leading to the King's box, and the anti-room of large dimensions, are likewise carpetted, and furnished round with Ottomans, covered with scarlet cloth.

The Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Lord Holland's, Mrs. Garrick's, and Mr. Coutt's boxes, and their anti-rooms, are all carpeted, and furnished with glasses, Morocco chairs, sofas, &c. ; the fronts of all the circles are covered with rich crimson plush ; the seats of the upper boxes are covered with deep blue cloth, and the dress boxes are furnished with chairs, with crimson cloth backs. For the accommodation of the frequenters of the pit, the seats are all stuffed, and covered with crimson cloth.

In the grand saloon are eight large chancelliers, covered with scarlet cloth, so placed that the company may sit all round them, without injuring the ornamental parts of the room ; there are likewise seats in each of the windows, and Ottoman sofas in the recesses and angles of the corridors. The saloon is lighted by noble Grecian lamps, supplied by Mr. De Ville, and the effect is much increased by the reflection of two large mirrors, placed over the fire places at each end. The whole of the doors are covered with scarlet cloth, margined with velvet, &c.

The green-rooms are furnished all round with Ottoman sofas and mirrors, which reach from the floor to the ceiling. The manager's rooms, secretary's office, and dressing rooms, forty in number, are admirably arranged for convenience, and suitably furnished.

The body of the theatre is lighted by superb cut glass chandeliers, from the manufactory of Mr. Sheriff Blades ;

the furnishing generally was by Mr. Oakley, who has done himself credit by the elegance and rapidity with which it has been executed, particularly by the Prince's box and anti-rooms, which latter were only formed within ten days of the opening of the theatre.

All this bears a strong resemblance to Covent Garden theatre, which, as a whole, notwithstanding its stage is inferior to that of Drury Lane, we certainly prefer. It is rather singular, that while the well-meaning part of the public were devising means, in order that decency and propriety might be preserved, an outrage, violating both, should occur from the absurd conduct of Dr. Busby and his son insisting on the right of speaking one of their addresses on the stage. We have not time or space to detail here what has already been done in the public papers; the address of Lord Byron we think equal in merit to any we have seen; it is inserted in our Poetical Depot; but we should like to know if the worthy nobleman sent his address with his title attached to it, or anonymously; if the former, it was not delicate. O. P. & P. S.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

Morning Dress.—A three-quarter pelisse of orange or tawny velvet, or kerseymere, trimmed with lace *à la Vandike*; Oliverian tippet, edged with narrow lace; Wellington cap of the same materials as the pelisse, ornamented with a drooping ostrich feather; kid sandals and white gloves.

Evening Dress.—of white crape, ornamented with roses; white shoes, with diamond rosettes; hair *à la fantaisie*; scarf of rose colour, or maiden's blush.





MORNING DRESS.

Nov^{er} 1812

Published for the Proprietors, NOV



EVENING DRESS.

1812, By Geo. Cowie & Co. B. Paulby.

Nov^r: 1812



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONG.—TO EMMA.

SWEETLY the poet sings, when he
On beauty's charms would dwell;
Sweet sounds of heav'nly harmony
The magic numbers swell;

Yet beauty is the sickliest flow'r
That braves th' inclement skies,
That buds and blossoms in an hour,
Then quickly fades and dies.

The brightest hue the rose can wear,
To woo the zephyr's kiss,
Is but a prelude to the care
That terminates the bliss;

For unsuspected winds may blow
In many a pealing gust,
And lay the flowret's beauties low,
To mingle with the dust.

And time,—nay ev'ry casual pow'r,
May blast fair woman's bloom;
And blighting mildews rob the flow'r
Of ev'ry sweet perfume.

Then, Emma, dearest maid! reflect,
Ere caution's hours are past;
And beauties of the mind select,
That will for ever last.

REUBEN,

THE VIOLET.

Veil'd in the covert of her greenwood bow'r,
How sweetly blooms the solitary flow'r,
That, gently peeping thro' the rustic glade,
Hides from the world, and blossoms in the shade !
Tho' gaudy tulips, with majestic ease,
And brighter colours tremble to the breeze ;
Tho' nodding roses, with a richer dye,
May blush luxuriant to the Summer sky ;
Yet lovelier still than all the charms they shed
The modest Violet rears her purple head ;
And bashful, shrinking from the vulgar gaze,
Like humble merit from the voice of praise,
Contented flutters in the desert wind,—
The beauteous Emblem of a virtuous mind !

OSCAR.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ARBOUR.

Remote from care, from folly's bustling strife,
And all the empty mockeries of life,
Here sylvan solitude erects her bow'r,
And silent woos the meditative hour.
Does nature charm thee?—let her charm thee now,
And soothe to kindred peace thy ruffled brow ;
If faint, and weary of the world's dull noise,
Thy soul would slumber in serener joys,
And fondly seek, in tranquil shades like these,
The purer pleasures of a mind at ease ;
If struggling memory sadden at thy heart,
And thoughts of sorrow in thy bosom start ;
If books delight thee ; or, with sacred fire,
The hallow'd muse thy fervent breast inspire ;
Or holy rapture wake the gushing tear ;—
Then, wand'ring stranger ! greet thy refuge here ;
For safely harbour'd in this rural cell,
The pensive virtues ever love to dwell.

OSCAR.

STANZAS.

As circling years alternate roll,
 A thousand fond affections start;
 A thousand ties enslave the soul,
 And weave their fetters round the heart;

And did not oft the gushing tear
 Pronounce those earthly chains were riv'n,
 Deluded man would slumber here,
 Forgetful of his native heav'n.

But ah! the suffering wretch can tell
 How one by one they cease to cling;
 For stern misfortune breaks the spell,
 And every sorrow snaps a string.

OSCAR.

An Answer to the Riddle in the Museum for October, using the author's lines as near as the introduction of the solution will admit.

TO ABRAHAMIDES.

Nothing's more constant than the turtle dove,
 More fickle than the wind that blows,
 More tawdry than the dress of beaux,
 More beauteous than the girl you love;
 And *nothing*, I dare swear, exceeds the bliss,
 When constant lovers give the mutual kiss.
 'Twas *nothing* Nelson fear'd amidst proud wars;
Nothing can strike with dread our honest tars;
 Lectures can *nothing* do for ladies grown;
 And *nothing* married ladies call their own*.
Nothing, I think, Sir, will expose the guise
 You in your riddle strove to secret from our eyes.

HANNAH CAMPION.

* I understand the author in this line perfectly, and had some intention, prior to seeing the above, of addressing Mr. Gossiper on the subject, in hopes that it might encourage some friend to the sex to bring forward our undoubted right of equality in Parliament.

H. C.

SONNET TO SOLITUDE.

Enchanting solitude ! to transport dear,
 Far in the windings of some darksome glen,
 Impervious to the world's rude track, or prying ken,
 Unheard my numbers to thy shade I'll swell ;
 And as I court thy sweetly magic spell,
 To sympathy shall steal the falling tear ;
 There on some mossy bank supinely lay,
 Whilst gurgling mournful swells the chrystal tide,
 Lull'd by the fluttering gales that seem to glide
 In seraph sadness o'er the soul, and tell
 How soon around those fairy scenes would swell
 The dying echo of departing day !
 And soon, how soon ! each mellifluous perfume
 Would fade, alas ! in nature's frozen tomb !

J. M. B.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications of Orlando and Timothy Heartwell are transmitted to the Gossiper ; he will certainly insert them in the next number, with the favour of Abraham Stock, Esq.—Reflections by Reuben ; Supplication for the King ; Sonnet from Highgate, J. M. B. and J. T's Poems, of Pentonville, in our number for December.—Sonnet, and Lines to Privado, are not equal to the author's former productions.—Ode on Eliza's Sickness is not sufficiently perfect for our Museum ; it is so much to the credit of the author's goodness of heart, that we would otherwise willingly insert it.—We have received the obliging Note by C. and will commence his Essays, under the title of the Moralist, next month.

. *We solicit from our ingenious correspondents Original Charades, Riddles, &c. but we request that they will be accompanied with their solutions.*

Errata in our last Number.—Page 237, line 13, for " Ah ! thee, eternity,"—read " At thee, eternity," &c.—In Lines written in Adversity, after—" As pity's lustrous wat'ry eye," insert—" Or sympathy's embalming sigh."





Engraved by Dore from an Original Sketch.

MR.^S CHAPONE.

Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Cowie & Co. St. Paul's, December 2. 1812.